Essence

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Essence

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Hannibal finds the scarf Will forgot at his office after a session. It's too late to go out and return to him, so he keeps it. Hannibal didn't expect what happened afterwards.

Notes

Finally, the last one!!! Kinktober Day 31 - Scent. I didn't know how to tag it regarding relationship, since it's just Hannibal here, but I think it can work that way.

I didn't know what to expect when I started those challenges, back in 2020's October. It was my first time writing threads and I certainly improved a lot since then; I'd like to thank every single person that read them when I first posted, and read them here, I hold every comment dearly to my heart.

Thank you <3

And follow me (@thegayprofiler) on Twitter for more threads <3

Will had just left Hannibal's office. Hannibal still couldn't believe that, after Will got out from prison, he wanted to resume his therapy, especially like that. Hannibal knew his motives, his reasons and at least a little bit of what he wanted - Will was unpredictable in many ways - however, it was still surprising to see Will sitting in front of him every day, fierce blue eyes looking at him, a slight smirk on his lips.

He was playing a game and Hannibal was more than satisfied to play with him.

Hannibal closed the door, Will had been the last session of the night. He decided to drink a little bit of wine before going home. He opened a new bottle, poured into the glass and began to drink.

While sitting by his desk, he noticed something was lying on Will's chair. Then, he stood up and got closer, only to realize it was the navy blue scarf Will wore that day. It was a bit late to call him, he was probably already on the road to Wolf Trap. It's fine, Hannibal thought, they would see each other tomorrow and Hannibal would give it to him.

So he grabbed it in order to bring the scarf to a proper place. But, the second he touched it, feeling the soft fabric on his hand, Will's scent immediately reached his nose. He inhaled it, not really wanting to, but not being able to help it. He placed the glass of wine on the desk, and touched the scarf with his other hand. Hesitating, he brought the scarf closer to his nose and gave it a long inhale.

It wasn't the Encephalitis' sweet feverish scent anymore, nor the awful aftershave. No, it was Will's natural scent. Of course, there were hints of strong coffee, dog's smell even, and somehow, something that recalled rain and grass. It was possible to notice some woodsy smell, making contrast with the aroma of book pages, paper.

Each new discovery being added to the great puzzle that was Will, each new smell making Hannibal think about an aspect of him. At this point, Hannibal was burying his nose on the scarf, eyes closed, focused, concentrated. Then, he was taken by surprise by another little discovery. He noticed his own smell, mixed with Will's.

They'd grown closer, yes, and it was more than obvious that their time together would result in this but, still, Hannibal didn't expect it. He didn't expect to get hard because of it. He also didn't expect to sit on the chair Will was sitting previously. *Another thing* he didn't expect was to undo his pants, one hand still pressing the scarf to his nose, the other taking his fully erect cock out.

He didn't expect to finish the night jerking off to Will's scent, the smell intoxicating his mind. He groaned, wanting more and more of it, not feeling satisfied with only the scarf. He wanted Will entirely.

Hannibal came, making a mess in front of him. He sighed, frustrated now that he'd have to clean everything before going home. While cleaning, a thought crossed his mind.

In the end, he wondered if Will left the scarf purposely.

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